I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.
Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.
King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.
Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.
Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must dye,
Passing through nature to eternitie.
Ham. I Maddam, it is common.
Quee. If it bee
Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.
Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake could smother,
Nor customary suites of solemne black,
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the visage,
Together with all formes, moodes, shapes of griefe
That can denote me truely, these indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which passes showe,
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.
King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father,
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filiall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly griefe,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen,
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient,
An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold,
For what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to se
Why should we in our peeuish opp
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to hea
A fault against the dead, a fault to
To reason most absurd, whose con
Is death of fathers, and who still ha
From the first course, till he that dy
This must be so: we pray you thro
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke
As of a father, for let the world tak
You are the most imediate to our t
And with no lesse nobility of loue
Then that which deerest father be
Doe I impart toward you for your
In going back to schoole to *Witten*
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to
Heere in the cheare and comfort o
Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and ou
Quee. Let not thy mother loos
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to
Ham. I shall in all my best obay
King. Why tis a louing and a fai
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Mada
This gentle and vnforc'd accord o
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace v
No iocond health that Denmarke
But the great Cannon to the clow
And the Kings rowse the heauen s
Respeaking earthly thunder; come
Ham. O that this too too sallid f
Thaw and resolue it selfe into a de
Or that the euerlasting had not fix
His cannon gainst selfe slaughter, O
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofita
Seeme to me all the vses of this wo
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded ga
That growes to seed, things ranck
Possesse it meerely that it should c

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